

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

*Pol.* That's good.

*Play.* Run barefoot up and downe, threatening the flames,  
With Bison rhume, a clout upon that head  
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,  
About her lank and all ore-teamed loynes,  
A blanket in the alarme of feare caught up.  
Who this had seene, with tongue in venome steept,  
'Gainst fortunes state would treason have pronounc'd:  
But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport  
In mincing with his sword her husbands limbes,  
The instant burst of clamor that she made,  
Unlesse things mortall move them not at all,  
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,  
And passion in the gods.

*Pol.* Looke where he has not turned his colour, and has teares  
in's eyes: prethee no more.

*Ham.* 'Tis well, Ile have thee speake out the rest of this soone.  
Good my Lord doe you see the Players well bestowed, doe you  
heare, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brieft  
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a  
bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

*Pol.* My Lord I will use them according to their desert.

*Ham.* Gods bodkin man much better, use every man after his  
desert, and who shall scape whipping? use them after your owne  
honour and dignity, the lesse they deserve the more merit is in  
your bounty: Take them in.

*Pol.* Come sirs.

*Ham.* Follow him friends, wee'll heare a play to morrow; doest  
thou heare me old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

*Play.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Wee'll hav't to morrow night: you could for need study  
a speech of some dosen lines, or fixteene lines, which I would set  
downe and insert in't, could you not?

*Play.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Very well: follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him  
not. My good friends, Ile leave you till night, you are welcome  
to *Elsenour*.

*Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

*Ref.*

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Ref.* Good my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Ham.* I so, God buy to you; now am I alone.

O what a Rogue and pesant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous that this Player here  
But in a fiction, in a dreame of passion,  
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit,  
That from her working all the visage wand,  
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suting  
With formes to his conceit, and all for nothing,  
For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,  
That he should weep for her? what would he doe  
Had he the motive, and that for passion  
That I have? he would drown the stage with teares,  
And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech,  
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,  
A dull and muddy metled raskall, peake  
Like *John-a-dreames*, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing, no not for a King,  
Upon whose property and most deare life  
A damnd defeat was made: am I a coward?  
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate acrosse,  
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,  
Twekes me by'th nose, gives me the lye i'th throat  
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?

Hah? s'wounds I should take it, for it cannot be  
But I am pigeon liver'd, and lacke gall  
To make oppression bitter, or ere this  
I should have fatted all the region Kites

With this slaves offall: bloudy, boudy villaine,  
Remorselesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.

Why what an Asse am I? this is most brave,  
That I the sonne of a deare father murdered,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must like a whore unpacke my heart with words,

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